Gorham, spurring to Hardinge to fetch me in hot haste to Lanston Grange, I knew the cause must be urgent and scented danger in the air. We had heard whisperings and mutterings, and fresh Jacobite trouble, and I feared fay uncle, Sir Guy Lanston, had allowed bimself to be drawn once more into the business.

Some ten days before a stranger, a Master Richard Lovelace, had appeared suddenly at the grange, and my uncle had set off on a mysterious visit from which he had not returned. Now, it was concerning this Lovelace that something of a cloud had come between my sweet Awdrey and me: I had come upon the two in close conversation, and had seen the fellow kiss her hand with a look in his dark eyes that had set my blood tingling and my fingers pricking with desire to punish him for his meddlesome intrigues.

Awdrey had but laughed at my moody remonstrance, and when I questioned her would tell me nothing.

"Geoffrey, Geoffrey, you but worsen mat-ters," she cried, with a toss of her pretty head. "Because a gallant gentleman in a hard case lays his lips to Awdrey's poor fingers and your wits are not sharp enough to see the reason, you must needs leap like a blind horseman into the slough of mistrust and cry, 'It is Awdrey's fault.' everything you cannot understand to be Awdrey's fault?"

"And were my lips to go a-mumbling Mistress Pallister's fingers would you cry, 'Geoffrey is right. Well met, lips and fin-

*But at this clumsiness Awdrey bridled and tossed her head again. "Mistress Paliister, forsooth!" she ex-ciaimed, again in high dudgeon, and walked

"If you leave me like that, Awdrey, I'd better go and-She broke into my surly words with a Yes, better go and stay away until your

away with her head in the air.

wits are sharpened enough to guess the riddle of your own mistrust. Mistress Pallister, indeed!" 'I'll return when your Master Lovelace

has gone," I replied bluntly, and came away, and for a week had not been to the Grange. Seven miserable days they had been. So you may think how my heart beat when I got her message by young Gor-ham and knew that in the time of danger she had turned to me, and how willingly I sent my horse galloping straight across country to Lanston that bright December She was waiting for me in the large domed hall of the Grange, pacing restlessly

up and down by the huge equestrian statue
-the statue of old Sir Guy, who fought with the great Edward and won his gold spurs at Cressy and Politiers, and founded the Lanston family. Her face and manner were full of trouble. "I have not forgiven you, Sir Mistrust, lough I have sent for you," she said; but

her sweet blue eyes were telling another You are in trouble, sweetheart: when I

u, send me away again if you will," I said.

"And a harder penance never grieved a penitent, Awdrey."

"A sincere penitent should never sue in vain, it is true," she said demurely ;and then with a smile looked up and added: "So you're forgiven. And, oh, Geoffrey, the trouble is sore indeed."

"Tell me." I answered, and when she did tell me I saw in truth she had not underjudged it. This Lovelace was a far greater one than I had deemed—no lesser than the young pretender himself. He had come over at the bidding of certain reckless counsellors, who had advised that a rising could be organized if he would but show himself to his followers; and now the plans had all miscarried, his presence in England had been discovered, and he had fied to Lanston to hide while means could be devised for his crossing again to France. was this business which had taken Sir Guy away, and the ill news was come that he had been laid by the heels by his old en-emy, the gout, and had done nothing.

Nor was that the worst. Sir Burton Prendergast had got wind of the matter in some way, and might be trusted to do his worst against Lanston. A more malignant, rancorous, spiteful rat of a man did not breathe in all the good county of Sussex than Sir Burton; and he had never forgiven Awdrey for having rejected him a year ago nor me for having won her from him, and would welcome a chance to strike at Lan-ston. If it were once known who Lovelace was, and that the Grange had sheltered him, the consequences would be no less than ruin. The government had not yet forgiven Sir Guy for his old Jacobite work, and would readily seize on a pretext now for punishing him and his.

I don't know what to do, Geoffrey, cried my cousin, wringing her hands distractedly. "Tomorrow we have, as you know, our customary Christmas eve mas-querade, and every one will be here, Sir Burton among them, of course. Master Lovelace is known to be here; and if he does not show among the guests suspicion will be aroused, while if he does he may be recognized and we shall be ruined."
"He must be away, sweetheart. I can do Why didn't Sir Guy come to me?" Because you are not with us in this."

True: I am no Jacobite, but when was Hardinge not with Lansten in an hour of trouble? But I can do it. I will." "I knew you would," and she smiled as he laid her hand in mine.

"I see it," I exclaimed, as a thought struck me. "I'll to Shoreham and char-ter a vessel from old Nick Naselby there, and we'll have her off the coast by dusk to morrow and a boat in Master's down by Dencher's guily, ready manned for Master Lovelace by then. Let him keep close till then; nay, better, let him ride away openly this afternoon and return secretly after dark, then lie here hidden till the morrow at dusk. I'll be here to guide

him, and if we don't trick this Prender-gast write me down fool." "Where can we hide him, Geoffrey?" cried Awdrey, nervously. "If any one should come they will surely find him here." "No one will come, sweetheart. And if

they do have you not the safest hiding place in all the three kingdoms here in this very hall? It is not the first time old Sir Guy has served and saved the Lanstons. Where are your sharp woman's wits, dearest?" 'Of course, I had forgotten the bronzerse," and she smiled.

The statue was, in truth, a hiding place of the best. In the troubles of the civil war the Lanston of his day had conceived a cunning arrangement by which arms and ammunition and at need a fugitive royal-ist could lie hidden in the great horse. By a shrewd contrivance the legs of the knight swung on hinges and covered a space large enough to admit a man's body

the entrance being concealed by the armor of the knight and the trappings of the horse; and means had been devised by which air could be admitted through the joints of the armor.

I lost no time, but rode off at once on my errand. I had but little difficulty in providing the needed vessel and arranging among my own men for the boat to be in readiness at Master's cove; and late though it was, I rattled to Lanston to tell Awdrey that all was well Awdrey that all was well.

But Sir Burton Prendergast was not a vindictive malignant for nothing, and in laying my plans I had not paid sufficient heed either to all that he knew or to all that he would do. And this I was to discover at the Grange in the afternoon of that fateful Christmas eve.

"You are rather like our guest in build, Geoffrey," said Gorham; but Awdrey pro-tested with a blush and a flash of the eyes. Gorham, boylike, was the more pos-itive for the protest, however, and made me stand with my back to them while be pointed out the marks of resemblance, and they were still discussing this when we caught sight of the guest coming down the stairs. Just at that same moment one of the serving men dashed in at the front door, and with signs of great excitement and fear, exclaimed:

"There's a troop of soldiers in the ave-

It was in all truth a very awkward predicament; and as I was racking my brains for some expedient, young Gorham's words, that I was like Mr. Lovelace when seen from behind, occurred to me and suggested a plan to outwit them. If the soldiers remained in the hall, poor Master Lovelace was at these because of the product of the soldiers. must either be starved or driven to sur-render, and either event spelled ruln. My plan was therefore to play at escaping from the house, get to my horse, and lead the soldiers a dance across country in pur-

And I am in dead earnest."

But the game was not lost yet for all that. I knew that my ruse had drawn off nearly all the troopers, and that if I could but smuggle Master Lovelace out of the but she had a sway easily from the There was a small casement from which I could easily leap to the terrace below. make a dash for the stable yard where the horses were ready, and ride away across the park beyond. That was easy; but it must be so done that one or other of the sen-tries should catch sight of me and thus bring the rest of the pack upon my heels.

I knew where the men were posted, and having from an upper window attracted the attention of the groom who had my horse in readiness, I went down, opened the case-ment and leaped out. It was now getting dusk, and a soldier who was close at hand saw and challenged me instantly, and discharged his musket as I was darting to-

In a moment the whole place was in the utmost confusion, and as I mounted, tak-ing care to pretend a violent attack upon the man who held my horse, while I told him to say I was a stranger to him, the troopers were already to horse and came clattering round the old house after me.

Things went just as I would have had them. I was careful that none of the men should see my face, and I put my horse at the ha-ha and leapt into the park.

I did not hurry matters at the start. The ha-ha caused a little trouble to some of the troopers, and my wish being to bring as many of them as I could away from the Grange, it was my cue to let them think

that all the other doors must be locked, with men posted outside. It was in all truth a very awkward prein the way I have told her."

I could have struck him for his mean, cowardly threat, but I masked my temper. "Probably she will put herself in my hands, Sir Burton, seeing that she is affianced to me."

"If she does not wish to ruin her father and you all, she will tell you rather that she is afflanced to me, Sir Geoffrey. A word fromme and this thing will be known. And I am in dead earnest."

> statue he could get away easily from the house with one of my men to act as guide. I stood a moment as if thinking in great perplexity, and then giving Awdrey, who was very pale and frightened, a significant pressure of the hand that lay on my arm, I released it released it. "I see no other course, Awdrey, but to comply. You had better take Sir Burton's arm and go to the ball room. We must set things going or the whole county will think we are mad."

> His face lighted with triumph as he held out his arm and my sweet Awdrey placed the tips of her fingers upon it, while I turned to Gorham, and under pretense of giving him some directions about the evening's arrangements, whispered that he was to get the prisoner out when I had cleared the hall, and send him away with my man as guide.

> I exchanged a few sentences with the captain, who stood plucking moodily at his mustache, and then went after Awdrey. All the guests were now in the great ball room, and signaling to Awdrey to come with her partner to me, I took my stand close to the door of a small room that lay between that and the dining room. I maneuvered so that Sir Burton stood between me and the door, which I placed ajar, and then my plan was ready.

"This is a serious matter, Awdrey," I



nue, Mistress Awdrey, coming to the house. They are almost at the door." Our consternation may be imagined Awdrey turned as white as the marble pedestral of the great statue against which we were grouped. Catching Gorham by the arm I pushed him and the ser-vant toward the door, and whispered—

"Take the fellow away and go to meet the soldiers, and shut the door behind you. to meet Quick, for God's sake, boy, quick!" The moment he was gone I darted behind the statue, thrust open the secret entrance to the hiding place, and called to Master Lovelace. "Your only chance of safety is Lovelace. "Your only chance of safety is here, sir," I se'd, and without more ado, I bundled him into it, and closed the entrance after him, whispering to him to lie as still as death. "Open the door now, Awdrey, and remember, sweetheart, Mas-ter Lovelace left yesterday!"

Then making a great effort we began to talk and laugh together, much in our usual fashion, when Gorham came back with the officer in command of the soldiers.

"I am sorry to intrude upon an unpleaserrand at such a time, madam," he said to Awdrey; "but unhappily I have no option. I am Captain Hilary, and my instructions are that a person of dangerous importance, no less than the young pre-tender, is here in Lanston Grange disguised as one Richard Lovelace, and I have to request you to deliver him to me."

"Perhaps you will allow me to answer you captain. I am Sir Guy Lanston's nephew, Sir Geoffrey Hardinge, at your service, and caring for matters here in my uncle's absence. My cousins are scarcely fit to deal with such a business. A Master Richard Lovelace was here, but if you will inquire you will find that he left yester-

The officer answered suavely: "My instructions are very precise and

"That may be, but I am not concerned with them. Whence comes your informa-tion? Who is the spy that maligns my uncle in his absence?" Whence comes your informa-"I cannot reveal the source of my information, sir, but I have my duty to do," answered the officer. "And will do it like a gentleman and a man of honor I am sure. And since we have many Christmas guests on the point

of arrival, I would beg you to do your will Without more ado a number of the men were brought in, and while Awdrey, Gor-ham and I waited in the hall, they spread all over the house and searched it from roof

to cellar. At the end of an hour or so Captain Hilary came with many apologies for the unwelcome business, and declared that he had evidently been misled by wrong nformation. We watched the soldiers form up and depart, and Awdrey drew a deep sigh of relief as she linked her arm in mine.

as she linked her arm in mine.

"How good that you were here, Geoffrey,"
she whispered. "And what next?"

"As soon as they are well away, your guests and I must be off. Gorham, see that the horses are ready and then slip away and watch the men well out of sight, and

note the road they take. Quick, lad."

Awdrey and I waited alone together in the hall. The strain of the excitement had wrought upon her nerves somewhat, and she was very sweet, gracious and loving, as I sought to soothe and reassure her. Gorham came hurrying in.

"There's something wrong still, Geoffrey. "There's something wrong still, Geoffrey. Sir Burton Prendergast was waiting by Overbury Cross, and met the captain there; they had a long conference, and are now coming back here together. Can Sir Burton know anything?"

"We shall see, and must hope he does not," I answered, quietly; and soon after Captain Hilary returned. Sir Burton with him.

that they could catch me. But this had consequences of a different kind. Those who could not take the leap stopped to empty their muskets after me, and then, finding the gate, they came streaming through. Old Noll had little relish for the shooting and when one of the balls, from an accidentally well-aimed shot, came ripping and singing close to his ears, he shook his head and plunged forward as though impatient

to be out of range. It was a new sensation to play the part of the fox in the hunt, but I had no qualms about the result. I went easily across the great park, there

fore, dropped into Winthrop lane at the end, rattled across Twinbury common, and skirted Three-Cornered copse, being careful all the time to keep as much in sight of the hounds as the fast darkening evening

Once I played a trick on them and let them come almost upon me. I had breathed old Noll up the steep side of the Haunch and once across it I dismounted and waited for my pursuers. On catching sight of me the men raised such a shout of exultation as brought all the laggards spurring up and they dashed toward me, making sure

of their capture. But I was ready, and picking my way along the zigzag sides of the fir wood there, I carried out the plan I had formed. At the bottom of the valley, between the Haunch and Dandy Chine, lie the Quagmire woods, as nasty and dangerous a bi of country as the name could mean, and into this I purposed to lead them by degrees. Noll and I knew the way well enough, but it was another case with the fellows who were after me. I led them on, keeping in sight till they were well into the middle of the woods, and when I reached the sudden turn by Dead Man's corner I gave Noll his head, and away we flew along the narrow track, leaving the men floun-dering in the quagmire, calling to one an-

other and shouting and oathing finely.
We were soon clear off, and urging the old horse to his utmost efforts I headed in the direction of Hardinge, and rattled home at a pace which would have surprised the oldiers indeed could they have seen it. Once at Hardinge I changed my cos tume rapidly, while another horse was saddled, and then galloped back through the night to Lanston. I was all anxiety to know how matters had sped there in my absence, and hoped indeed that Master Lovelace had already been released and

was away with young Gorham as I had ar-But to my chagrin, my ruse had been but partly a success. Capt. Hilary and Sir Bur-ton were still at the Grange and in the hall awaiting the return of the troopers with their captive. A number of the guests had arrived and were grouped about in the rooms and hall, looking mightily ill at ease and uncomfortable, while Awdry was far more distressed than before and bed here.

more distressed than before, and had been weeping. "You have been away, Sir Geoffrey," said the captain.
"I am not aware that I am your prisoner "I am not aware that I am your prisoner or accountable to you for my movements," I answered brusquely. "I think you have carried this farce far enough. In truth, I shall hold you responsible for the outrage to which I have been subjected. Because I chose to leave here and gallop to Hardinge for a change of costume, your fellows forsooth must needs come clattering after me, firing their muskets and actually after me, firing their muskets and actually putting my life to the hazard. You'll find

them now hard stuck in the bogs on the other side of Muttlebury Haunch. But the thing is intolerable. Come, Awdrey, let us go to the guests and leave this gentleman The captain's face darkened as I said this, while Sir Burton Prendergast gave me an ugly, sneering look; and when Awdrey put her hand on my arm she showed in her fingers a slip of a note and whispered, "Take it. Danger." to do his will."

said, "and I think Sir Burton and I ha better talk it over together."
"I have no wish for your interference,
Sir Geoffrey," he replied, insolently. "I can

manage my own affairs.' "But this more my affair than yours, I retorted, and before he knew what I was intending, I linked my arm in his and pushed him roughly through the door, and clapping my hand on his mouth, forced him through into the dining room beyond. Then I freed his mouth, and he did precisewhat I had recokoned on his doing.

He sent up a cry for help, shouting that here was treachery, and called for Capt. Hilary, who came running in from the hall onto which the dining room opened. As soon as the captain entered I slammed the door behind him, and this gave Gorham his cue to act, and setting my back to the door, turned upon the two men. "This is a private quarrel between Sir Burton Prendergast and myself, Capt. Hil-

ry, and you will have the goodness not to interfere. "There is treachery afoot," shouted Sir Burton, mad with rage. "The prisoner you want is in the hall concealed in the statue, captain. This is a trick to cheat you of

"Let me pass, sir; I shall hold you responsible," said the captain to me on the instant, speaking very angrily.
"Responsible for what?" I exclaimed.
"The man's mad. Does he mean that he and you have been all this time in the hall there and he has given you no inkling of the story he now tells? You don't believe the story he new tells? You don't believe that, surely?" I said, holding my place at the door and listening with all my ears for some sound that Gorham had done his

"Let me pass, sir," cried the officer, drawing his sword. "In the name of the king let me pass." "Do you draw upon an unarmed man?" I exclaimed, and as I spoke I heard a sound from the hall which seemed to show

sound from the hall which seemed to show that young Gorham had succeeded. "If you hinder me further your blood will be on your own head. Will you let me pass?" said the officer flercely.

pass?" said the officer fiercely.

"Do you mean you would murder me for a cock-and-buil story such as Sir Burton Prendergast's?" I asked, delaying him to the last safe second. "The door there through the anteroom is open, but if you prefer this it is nothing to me."

He dashed out sword in hand, and Sir Burton was following when I laid my hand on him and barred the way.

"I have a reckoning with you." I said, for I wished to give time for Master Lovelace to get clear away; and words between us grew hot and fast until Captain Hilary came back and demanded that Sir Burton should come and explain the secret of the hiding place. I let him go then, and fol-

hiding place. Is let him go then, and followed.

Then Awdrey and some of the guests came out into the hall, and a pretty scene of cross purposes followed. Sir Burton Prendergast as erted that the horse was hiding place, and he and the officer the niding place, and he and the officer tried vainly to discover the opening, until Capt. Hilary, losing all patience, declared that he would have the statue hewn in pieces if the secret could not be found.

"But there is nothing in it," I said for the "But there is nothing in it. I said for the twentieth time; and at length, when I saw Gorham among the rest, and a glance told me all was well, and fearing, moreover, that the statue would really be destroyed, I

myself opened it.

"You can see for yourself," I said; and while Captain Hilary thrust his head into the opening a smile ran round the faces of the guests, who came crowding forward in curiosity at the secret of the statue and amusement at the apparent farce of the or occeedings.

The captain flushed with vexation at cutting so sorry a figure, and was in doubt
whether to vent his anger on me or on Sir

less Mistress Awdrey purchases my silence he flinched, and with a shrug of the shoul-in the way I have told her."

he flinched, and with a shrug of the shoul-ders said to the officer:

"I am very sorry, Captain Hilary, but it seems I was wrong."

"What do you propose to do next, cap-tain?" I asked. "We are at your com-mands, but you will understand that our Christmas keeping is not likely to be the merrier for any prolonging of this mat-ter."

"I shall hold you responsible for this, Sir Burton. You have kept me here while things have been arranged for the prisoner's escape. I withdraw my men and shall make my report." Thus the interfering bully found himself prostrate between the two of us and in danger of kicks from us both. "If the prisoner was in concealment there and you knew it you have prevented my capturing him. Why didn't you tell me,

I smiled at this turn, but it was not our ue to let the captain believe we had ever

cue to let the captain believe we had ever concealed any one.

"Rest your mind easy and do not blame even this meddling mischiefmaker causelessly. We have no one at the Grange whom we wish to conceal," and this was true, for by this time Master Lovelace was well on his way to the boat.

Captain Hilary went away then, grumbling and smarting with the irritation of a man who feels he has been tricked but cannot lay finger on the proof, and as soon as not lay finger on the proof, and as soon as he was gone I signaled to Awdrey and Gor-ham to lead the guests away while I de-tained the cowardly traitor who had come so near to causing serious mischief.

"A word with you, Sir Burton," I said shortly. "You have acted tonight the part of a coward and a spy, and in doing it you have cast imputations on me. Tonight I do not make it a personal matter, but tomorrow." row, if you are still in the county of Sus-sex, or if within six months you show your face here, I give you my honor that I will horsewhip you first and shoot you after-ward. You know whether I am a man to

keep my word."
He turned pallid with fear, said not a syllable, and without more than one sneaking, furtive, frightened look at me, slunk away, and the next morning left the country for his health's sake.

I was still loitering in the hall when
Gorham came and told me how he had

managed to get Master Lovelace away, and as I was praising him for his smartness Awdrey came. "Is all safe now, Geoffrey?"

"Yes, sweetheart, you can dance with a free heart."
"A 'free' heart?" she echoed, playing on my words and smiling.
"So far as all that is concerned."

"'All that' was very terrible while it lasted. But you did splendidly."
"A penitent had to earn his forgiveness, Awdrey. Is it earned?"

"Not quite earned yet. You gave me up very readily to Sir Burton, you know," she cried, and withdrew the hand she had slipped into mine, moved some paces away and stood glancing at me, demure in face, but with eves all alight with smiles "How can I earn it? I did what I did for

"You are bad at guessing riddles," she laughed. "She's under the mistletoe, Geoffrey, don't you see?" cried Gorham from the doorway

with a laugh.
"Marplot, Gorham!" exclaimed Awdrey, blushing rose red, but before she could turn to run after him I had caught her in my "It is Christmas eve, sweetheart, and I am a clown of a penitent," I whispered, as

I kissed her. held her happy, blushing face close to "If I do it's under compulsion."

"That's a new name for mistletoe," cried Gorham again, as he ran off to join the We lingered a moment for that which was under neither mistletoe nor compulsion, and then followed him, forgetting all about the recent crisis, and as happy a pair of lovers as all Sussex could find that merry Christmas eve.

THE MODERN DOORPLATE.

It is Really the Missing Old-Timer Coming Up in a Latter-Day Form. From the New York Sun.

"They say," said an observant man, "that there's nothing new under the sun, "that there's nothing new under the sun, and I sometimes wonder if any of the old the firm. Here one of the partners, at the request of his excited and influential things that, from time to time, seem to customer, was about to have the suspect disappear in one form to reappear in another, so that, as there is nothing new, so also does no old custom cease absolutely to exist.

"Now you take for instance the doorplate, once a thing of common, familiar use. We used to have all sorts and sizes and shapes of doorplates, with all sorts of lettering; gothic and Roman, and script and Italic, and I don't know what not. And I must say that as far as I am concerned I always rather liked to see a nice doorplate, and, anyhow, there was a time when no home was considered complete without one.

"And then doorplates began to disappear. Once imperatively in demand, they next ceased to be fashionable; and the doorplate has apparently gone absolutely out of use. But, as the poet says, we have another think; and exercising this right we realize that the doorplate has not ceased to exist; that it has simply undergone a transformation; and that what once was considered a thing for the outside of a door only has now been adapted to indoor use and is in reality, in one and another form, far more commonly used than ever; it is now the doorplate of the flat dwellers.

"There are thousands and thousands of these strictly modern doorplates now in use, and these might be said to be really indispensable; far more so than the oldtime doorplates ever were. The old door-plate which you could see from the sidewalk was a picturesque part of the land-scape, but you could have done without it, as in fact we do now. We can without difficulty go to one door and inquire, but these modern doorplates that are quite invisible from the street are really essential; for in the apartment house we should be lost without them. Here, to be able to read the name on the door is truly a great convenience, and on thousands and thou-sands of these doors are these modern doorplates now to be found, the old doorplates revived in a new form and used in far greater numbers than ever."

Mexico Now and Then From the Mexican Herald.

To most of us, grinding and toiling in the huge factory which an imperfect civilization calls a palace of progress, in reality an edifice resounding with the clank of machinery, the irksome tinkling of tele phone bells and the racket of the typewriters, it seems almost incredible that there really does exist a fairer and more delightful world outside, that great, sunny, cheerful Mexico, which, as time goes on and the din and hurry augment, recedes before our mental gaze. Not so many years ago this ancient city was filled with something of the charm of the middle ages; no one hurried, life had a broad margin of leisure; all had "time" to gather the flower of pleasure by the roadside of existence. True, our streets were badly paved, the drainers was most unsclenific mails were drainage was most unscientific, mails were not any too punctual, and to go far from the capital involved journeys somewhat perilous and always romantic.

His Comment.

From Puck. "I can't help thinkin'," said old Farmer Broadhead, a trifle sarcastically, "that if he was guilty of all the cuttin's up that have been laid to him under the general headin' of 'Jeffersonian simplicity,' the late Thomas Jefferson was not merely simple, as charged, but downright idiotic!"

From the Chicago News. Nell-"But you must never mention what

Bess-"Why, is it a secret?" Bess-"Then it isn't worth repeating." Likely to Have It.

"He likes excitement," said the young "So I supposed," replied the dear girl.

From the Chicago Post.

WITHNIMBLEFINGERS

Shoplifters Much in Evidence at Christmas Time.

PLENTY OF WORK FOR DETECTIVES

Must Exercise Great Watchfulness and Discretion.

APPREHENDING A SUSPECT

Written for The Evening Star. The crush of holiday buyers makes shoplifting comparatively easy, and the desire to participate in the universal custom of gift-making lends fresh impetus to lightfingered practices. The most promising fields for these operations are the counters devoted to small fancy articles, such as leather goods, jewelry, handkerchiefs, gloves, perfume and neckwear. The detective force in a metropolitan store is doubled or even trebled at this time. For instance, a New York firm that ordinarily carries a staff of eleven detectives now has thirty on the pay roll, and each one is on duty from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., with an hour for luncheon. Four of these are wo-Female detectives, like the men with

whom they work, are born, not trained, and work almost entirely by instinct. Some of the most successful women in this line of work are "discovered" quite by accident. At a Broadway store last year a young woman in the jewelry department "tipped off" so many suspicious characters to the detectives that the chief of the bureau became interested in her. This year she is on his regular force and is one of his most efficient workers. It was without his most efficient workers. It goes without saying that her salary was very substantially increased when she stepped from behind the counter to the aisle. An uptown firm had serious difficulty last season se-curing competent female detectives. One evening the senior partner chanced to meet, in a social way, a bright newspaper woman who hailed from Denver and who was trying to secure a foothold in metropolitan journalism. When she recited some of her experiences in reporting criminal cases, murders, "confidence queens," etc., the desperate searcher for female detective acumen grasped at her tale as the drown-ing man at the proverbial straw. She was only too glad to try the work, and so skillful were her methods, so uniformly just her decisions, that she was retained the year round at a salary much larger than she could earn at literary hack-work.

Try to Avoid Trouble. One of the hardest things for the newly

appointed detective to learn is that the "You deserve to be punished for your dullness," she protested.
"Then give it me back, Awdrey," and I scalp lock. His most important lesson is to avoid trouble for his house. A false arrest is a costly mistake. Damage suits will follow. The store detective must be doubly sure. Usually they work in pairs, and a suspect is not accused unless two detectives have seen him stealing and can corroborate each other's testimony.
What trouble a level-headed detective

can save his firm is well illustrated in the following instance: A fashionable woman whose trade was worth hundreds of dolannually to a dry goods house suddenly exclaimed at a bargain sale, that her purse bad been stolen. She declared that a woman next to her, plainly dressed, but intelligent looking, had taken it. Accuser and accused were rescued by the floor-walker from the mob which quickly form-ed about them and were conducted to the detective bureau next to the main offices quiet, unpretentious woman, interfered. She had been at the same counter and in-sisted that the theft had not been committed. The rich customer raged, but the firm, having faith in its detective, hesitated and finally offered to reimburse the wealthy woman if she would drop the case and accept the amount of her loss. At this, however, the accused woman insisted on being cleared, and though the detective refused to search her she demanded that her accuser should. Nothing was found upon her. Thanking the firm for its courteous treatment and giving her name and address, she departed. firm advertised for the purse and it was returned, having been found at another store where the loser had previously been shopping. The woman who had been falsely accused promptly sued her accuser, and the latter's husband was only too glad to compromise the matter and avoid notoriety. The firm thanked its stars and its detective, the latter in a substantial manner.

Clever Female Detectives.

In a store where three female detectives are employed each represents a distinct type in bearing and dress. One is a typical 5th avenue figure, always correctly gowned in the latest tailor modes. The second is a perfect caricature of the gay soubrette, all rouge, powder and bizarre frocks. The third looks for all the world as if she were taking her Thursday afternoon out. Yet each in her way is an effective worker. At another shop an East Side girl who has pushed her way up from a position as cash girl, and who has the keen, shrewd fea-tures of a Ghetto denizen, works hand and giove with the daughter of a successful merchant, who wears evening frocks when her day's work is done. Both young wo men have the true detective instinct, and are enthusiastic over their work.

When a suspect is spotted by either clerk or detective at least two detectives are placed on the trail. Their vigilance does not relax for one instant until they are either convinced that the woman is inno-cent or they see her steal. If a man were to do the shadowing at some counters his conduct would attract attention. This is where the female detective is needed. She worms her way close to the suspect, fingering articles and frequently making pur-chases. Her work ends at the door of the store. Here the male detective steps in, shadowing the culprit until a favorable opportunity arises for addressing her. No one is accused in the store. He quietly ranges himself alongside with the remark:

Catching a Shoplifter. "Madam, I believe you have a package in your must which you forgot to pay for at Jones, Brown & Company's."

Instantly the woman is on the defensive.

"How dare you address me, sir? I shall appeal to the police." The detective is suave, diplomatic. He has made the accusation and he must now

prove it or lose his position. She will not prove it or lose his position. She will not object to accompanying him to the store? She does not wish a scene on the street? Of course not! He is half apologetic, altogether courteous as they retrace their steps, and by the time they reach the store the woman is running a magnificent bluff, and according to her story will own half the establishment when the damage suit is settled. The detective is deprecating—until the door of the searching room closes per settled. The detective is deprecating—until the door of the searching room closes behind them. Then his manner undergoes a sudden change. It is his turn now. The proceeding is something like this:

Sternly—"Those articles in your bag, madam. Lay them on the table!"

Defiantly—"I bought them!"

"Exactly! And what did you pay for this bottle of perfume?"

ottle of perfume?"

"Forty-five cents."
"Yes? And that silver comb?" "A dollar. "That miniature frame?"

"Two-fifty."
Then he turns on her. "The next time you steal, watch the prices. That perfume sells at a dollar, the silver comb at \$2.25. The frame is sterling and costs \$5." To the assistant—"Miss Brown, search her."

There is instant and vigorous protestation of the price is the price of the price of

The Suspect Weakens "You will have an opportunity to explain

that he would do. And this I was to discover at the Grange in the afternoon of that fateful Christmas eve.

It was just dusk, and while waiting for Master Lovelace to put himself in year of the fateful Christmas eve.

It was just dusk, and while waiting for Master Lovelace to put himself in the Grange.

It was full conceated hall the house, and sald in the decorated hall chattling with that mineling of nervousness and struned chaerfulness which the crisis of guch a care, "he added, in a whisper which could matter will commonly evoke when the achier will be achieved in the past of the state and while the past of the flex achieved in the past of the state and evoken and offers he achieved the past of the state and while the past of the state and while the past of the state and evoken and offers he achieved the past of the state and while the past of the state and the past

ready to make a clean breast of the whole business and restores the stolen articles which appear as if by magic from the blouse of her jacket, her puffed sleeves and

blouse of her jacket, her puffed sleeves and her glittering chatelaine.

Then comes the final disposition of her case. If she is a professional shoplifter short shrift is made of the matter. The chief has a mental rogues' gallery of his ewn, and such cases are prosecuted without hesitancy. But where it is clearly a first offense the articles are restored, the address of the culprit is taken, and with a severe reprimand she is advised not to enter the store again.

Different Motives.

Many thefts are due to actual poverty and may rouse the sympathy of even hardened detectives. In the case of wealthy men and women the act is inexcusable and inexplicable, and ofttimes is traced directly to the use of such drugs as morphine or opium. A peculiar instance of this sort was the appearance of an old neighbor before the chief detective at a fashionable atore. The accused is purchasing agent for a wholesale concern and commands a large salary. He pleaded his personal acquaintance with the chief and his references with the firm which had employed him for eighteen years, but eventually he confessed and turned over a number of trinkers not and turned over a number of trinkets, not one of which was valued at more than \$1.50. The inclination to pilfer during the holi-day season is no respecter of age, sex or social standing. The culprits may be fif-teen years of age or ninety, and an equal number of men and women fall from grace.

The woman who rides to the store in her own hansom and the man with his coat collar turned up about his throat find their way to the presence of the chief detective in about the in about the same proportion.

The terms apprehension and arrest are bureau is a matter of prevention rather than of cure. A shop that is well policed is spotted by professionals, who leave it se-verely out of their route. The amateur thief caught in the store's drag net rarely tries it again. The firm recovers its property and is protected from further loss at the same hands, even though the thief be

BRITISH SHIPS UNREADY.

turned loose.

One-Third of England's Destroyer Flotilla Not Quickly Serviceable. From the London Telegraph. In view of the result of the inquiry into

the loss of the Cobra and the unfortunate and frequent breakdowns of almost all her sisters, it is possibly matter for congratulation that for several years past we have not been building many of this type of craft-the hornets of the sea, grim and black and tender as gingerbread. It was in 1893 that the admiralty began to construct these ships, specially designed to steam fast enough to overtake, and powerful enough to destroy, any enemy's torpedo boats, of which at the time France possessed more than we did. They were designed and constructed for service in the near seas, and were never intended to stand the storm and stress to which the Cobra was subjected on that fatal Tuesday night. From the date when the authorities ordered twenty of these little demon ships, the building of torpedo boats, which were regarded as the weapon of the weaker power, ceased. In the past eight years only four of these smaller craft have been built, and practically all the ships of this mosquito fleet-numbering over 100 of the first class -are therefore more or less obsolete. When new they had trial speeds of about twenty knots only, and the four new ones referred to are not expected to exceed twenty-five knots on their displacement of only 17s tons. They are lightly armed, having only two or three three-pounder quick-firers, and depend for their effective action almost entirely on their torpedoes, for the discharge of which they possess three to five tubes. Five additional torpedo boats were ordered this spring to replace a similar number of old ones.

Now that a series of unfortunate mishaps has culminated in the loss of so many val-uable lives inquiry will be called for into the construction of these men-of-war, miniature in size, but gigantic in their power. It will be naturally asked whether too much has not been sacrificed to obtain much has not been sacrificed to obtain what, as a rule, are fancy speeds. Reliabil-ity is essential in all war craft, and cer-try is essential in all war craft, and certainly destroyers are far from winning a good character in this respect. In the course of the present year four of the de-stroyers at Devonport alone—the Thrasher, Wolf, Locust and, to a very perilous de-gree, the Seal-have been found to be dan-gerously weak in their hulls. The Panther had previously been strengthened. Nomi-nally, the British navy should possess ready for sea at any moment, the contraction for sea at any moment, if not actually in commission, over 100 of these vessels, ex-cluding the five of the 1900-'01 program. There are twenty-nine serving at the home ports, eighteen on the Mediterranean station, six in the far east, two on the North American station and one on the Pacific. In this way fifty-six of these craft are accounted for, and about a dozen are at the owing to their delicate structure most of the remainder, numbering about thirty, or 33 per cent of the whole British flotilia, are in various stages of unpreparedness, many of them awaiting the day when workmen can be found to rectify their defects.

A Scholar but No Horseman. From the Columbus Dispatch.

Chief Game Warden Reutinger was telling a story a few days ago about a man whose judgment was exceedingly bad, despite the fact that he was a scholar of many years' thorough training.

This man and his wife had determined on a visit to relatives in a nearby city and expected to be gone for three days. The man and wife had bought a horse not long since, but only knew in a general way how it should be cared for. The question that presented itself to them was what to do with the horse. the horse.

On the morning that they departed the on the morning that they departed the husband put nine feeds, which included hay, oats and corn in the manger. Then the scholar placed three buckets of water in the stall. He figured that the horse would regulate his eating, but he didn't. He ate it all as fast as he could. Any horseman can tell the reader the result.

Removing the Cause.

From the Salt Lake Herald. The colored prisoner was hustled befor the bar of justice. "What is the charge?" demanded the

"Inciting riot," your honor," said th "What did he do?"

"It was this way, your honor: Colonel Julepson's silver-mounted corkscrew mysteriously disappeared from its accustomed place on his sideboard. This nigger had been seen hanging around the place, and suspicion naturally fell upon him. A crowd of indignant citizens got a rope and started to hunt for him, but before they found the nigger Colonei Julepson discovered that the corkscrew was in his hip pocket."
"One hundred days at hard labor. This tendency to mob violence must be checked.

Call the next case." His Inning.

From the Chicago News. Ostend-"What is a 'horse laugh,' paw? Paw-"It is a laugh the rural horse gives when he sees an automobile stalled in the mud, my son."

The Past.

A thousand dreams to earth have come and A thousand forms, by fear or fancy drawn, Like shapes of night have faded from the day

A thousand gods have reigned their little day, And crumbled. They were fashioped out of clay. Like worn-out toys, they now are cast away.